




DOX

COLLEGE



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VOX COLLEGII

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

VOL. LVII

WHITBY, JUNE, 1947

No. 1

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YEAR BOOK STAFF



BACK Row—Collette Ferguson, Sports Editor.
MIDDLE Row—Shirley Tomlinson, Social Editor; Barbara Creeper, Circulation Manager; Mollie Murphy, Advertising Manager;
Carol Henderson, Literary Editor; Barbara Smith, Business Manager.
FRONT Row—Joan Mutch, Art Editor; Lorraine Campbell, Editor-in-Chief; Betty Jane Fisher, Photography Editor.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION

We know that you have wondered whatever has delayed the appearance of the 1947 Year Book. It is quite a Comedy of Errors, including in its many episodes such intriguing chapters as The Missing Photographs, A Tale of Three Cities, Frustrated Hopes, Fate Strikes Again, and the surprising climax in The Old Piano Bench. Read it and weep!

We thank our subscribers, and our publishers, and most particularly our advertisers, for their amazing patience, and hope that we may continue to enjoy their goodwill and patronage, without again experiencing a similar series of catastrophes.

M. H. Sissons.

Foreword

*"Write me a verse, my old machine,
I lack for an inspiration;
The skies are blue and the trees are green.
And I long for a long vacation."*

"The Typewriter's Song"

—EDWIN ROBINSON

The author of the Book of Ecclesiastes tells us that there is a time for everything—a time to be born and a time to die; a time to plant and a time to pluck up; a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to build up and a time to break down; and, one might add, a time to study and a time to play.

As we go on our vacation this sense of timeliness adds zest to our enjoyment. If during the school year we have conscientiously worked, we shall all the more enjoy the freedom from work and responsibility which the holidays bring. If we have loafed we shall enter into them with little zest.

"If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work." King Henry IV.

To all O.L.C. students I wish a good and enjoyable holiday.

C. R. CARSCALLEN

FACULTY AND STAFF



Front Row: Mr. Atkinson, Miss Sissons, Dr. Carscallen, Mrs. Carscallen
 Second Row: Misses Sillers, Broadbent, Hill, Hunter, Edgar, Cronk, Weller
 Third Row: Misses Hall, Pollex, Smith, Sanders, Edwards, Mrs. Moore

Editorial

“Young Citizens of the Future!”—an oft-repeated, well-worn phrase; “The Leaders of To-morrow”—a term rendered worthless by indiscriminate use; while we sit back complacently, ignoring the fact that we are not children forever, and that to-morrow is here too soon. Will you be prepared when this mythical leadership of the future becomes reality?

Youth is a time for laughter and gaiety—and sweet sorrows. Youth has its trifling responsibilities, which are often neglected. How, then, may we know when the turning point comes, when our responsibilities can no longer be set aside. A child does not become an adult at a specified age; therefore we must strive to attain mature judgment while we are yet children. We must not be thrown into the world unawares.

These days the world is a place of strife and unrest, to-morrow it may be worse. The Unity caused by war is gone, and the disruption of “peace” has set in. But let us not look forward with pessimism and gloom. Look up with hope! Be ready to understand mankind, to be tolerant with your neighbour. Be an adult in outlook and understanding—and be a child in love of your fellow-man. With these attributes you cannot fail.

L.C.

*God is our refuge and our strength, a very
present help in trouble.*

*Therefore will not we fear, though the earth
be removed, and though the mountains be
carried into the midst of the sea,*

*Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
though the mountains shake with the swelling
thereof.*

*There is a river, the streams whereof make glad
the city of God, the holy peace of the tabernacles
of the Most High.*

*God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved:
God shall help her, and that right early.*

*The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered
his voice, the earth melted.*

*The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our
our refuge.*

*Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations
he hath made in the world.*

*He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth, he
breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder, he
burneth the chariot in the fire.*

*Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted
among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.*

*The Lord of hosts is with us; The God of Jacob is
refuge.*

PSALM 46



Traffy, Dr. Carscallen's faithful shadow, will live always in the hearts of all the students of O.L.C. who knew him. When his puppy gaiety was replaced by the dignity of canine age and he could no longer share in student sports, he took up his patient vigil in Main Hall. As he lay there contentedly, his soft eyes revealed his gratitude for the warm comfort of a smile or the friendly touch of a hand, for he could no longer hear the familiar voices around him. His constant loyalty and devotion endeared him to everyone at O.L.C.

C.H.

“Traffy”

IT IS WITH no little sadness that I comply with the request to record for the Year Book some of the characteristics of Traffy, the devoted companion of the students of the College for so many years.

To those who knew him only in his wise and benign old age it will be hard to picture the fat rollicking puppy with a coat like silky brown chenille, and the charming foolishness of his youth. A Russian wolf-hound of melancholy mien was for a time a guest of the College, and Traffy never lost faith in the efficacy of an excited rush, accompanied by vigorous barking, to lure him into a romp, which, however, never came off. Traffy's next phase was even more lovable—very lanky, all legs and paws, his right ear drooping, his left alert, with a smart collar and a challenging glance, he raced the College car on every occasion. With ears blown back by his speed, and a hasty glance over his shoulder at a turn, he made it a point of pride never to be overtaken. It was at this time that he began the practice, seldom intermitted for the remainder of his life, of accompanying the students on their morning walk, ranging ahead of them and racing back to the College on the return journey to take his place on the wide stone balustrade at the side entrance. Here he awaited a word of greeting or caress from every student as she passed. If, by chance, anyone omitted this, he stretched out a reminding paw and received the salute. As the years went on and he became slower and heavier, he walked sedately instead of frisking ahead; in time he accompanied the group to a point outside the gate and, lying down in the road, awaited their return; finally he saw them off and lay down on the lawn to welcome them back.

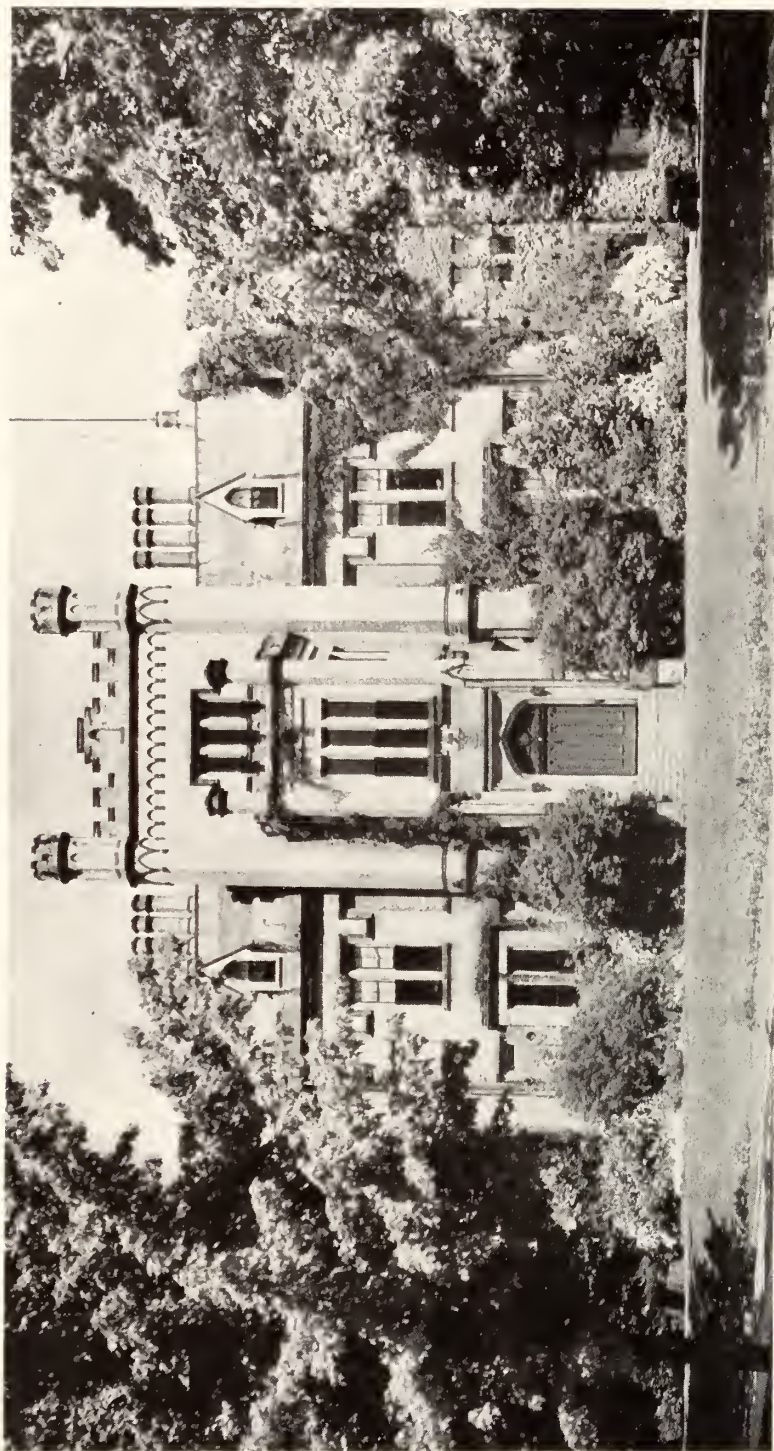
However, his idea of his responsibilities and interests were all this time growing wider, and his awareness of the College programme more complete. He never made the mistake of appearing for the morning walk on Saturdays or Sundays. He was punctual at the eleven o'clock interval for bread and butter; he knew as early

as anybody if a sleigh-ride were being planned. Perhaps he felt at these times more completely one with the group than on any other occasion as he sat up near the driver with the students huddled about him, an arm about his shoulders, a companionable word of praise or endearment in his ears. It was on the return from one of these rides that he suffered the most serious injury of his life. The snow being deeper on the back road, the sleigh turned in there to the College and Traffy jumped off as usual in joyful haste. In his excitement he failed to see a delivery truck approaching and was struck down. At first his recovery was doubtful, and when he began to mend, the process was slow. A comfortable place was made for him in the basement and I am sure I was but one of many who visited him daily. One day he was gone and I went to ask Jack Cormack about him, fearing, as I went, that he was gone indeed. "O", said Jack, "he's up and around." I smiled in relief, amusement and comprehension. "Up and around!" as if he were a person, just what I should have said myself.

I think autumn was his favourite season; after the comparative solitude of the summer, there came the return of old friends and the pleasure of many new ones. To see him lying in front of the Cottage door before breakfast on a fine autumn morning, gazing with a happy serenity at the domain which he loved with the responsible pride of possession, one felt sure he was reviewing the pleasurable plans for the day. First the morning walk, then perhaps the delightful task of supervising the raking of the leaves, next a cosy visit to the kitchen with the bubbling sound and pleasing aroma of cooking and a morsel for himself, soon the eleven o'clock signal which meant bread and butter with the Faculty and Staff, following this a casual visit to the English class in the concert hall and a ramble over town on his own affairs. Until late middle age this usually included a fight with one of his own kind, an agreeable excitement in the calm routine of his days.

But the years were taking their toll. Last Easter he saw his friends off for their holidays and when they returned he was not there. Even amid the multiple anxieties of our time—the loss of human life in conflict, the suffering from want and other woes that follow in the wake of a world war, friends of Traffy from many lands and for many years find the time to dwell with sorrow upon the loss of a companion whose silent heart beat for us with warm devotion.

A. A. MAXWELL.





COLLEGE SONG

*Presented most affectionately by
the Graduating Class of '25
to their Alma Mater*

Dear old Trafalgar
Hear thou our hymn of praise,
Hearts full of love we raise
Proudly to thee.
Thy splendour never falls
Truth dwells within thy walls,
Thy beauty still enthralls,
Dear O. L. C.

Through thee we honour
Truth, virtue, loveliness,
Thy friendships e'er possess
Our constancy.
Thy spirit fills us through
So we'll be ever true
To our dear Blue and Blue
Of O. L. C.

O! Alma Mater!
How can we from thee part?
Thou only hast our heart,
Dearest of schools!
Thy glory we shall see
Wherever we may be,
Still love of O. L. C.
Our future rules.



SENIOR TABLE
SENIOR DINNER 1947



SENIOR CLASS SONG

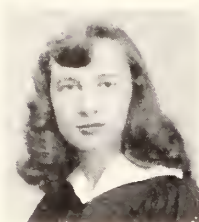
Trafalgar, our Alma Mater,
We Seniors of O. L. C.
Thank you for pleasant memories,
Of days of work and nights of glee;
The feasts we held at midnight,
Detentions after four,
Have made our year eventful;
These things, and many more.
We'll remember the times we've had here,
We'll remember when we're away.
We'll remember the friends we've made here
And won't forget to come back some day—
So, farewell our Alma Mater,
Trafalgar and Blue and Blue
We're Seniors of Forty-seven,
We'll always be true to you.

The Senior Class



JOYCE BELL

"Bellzi" has been our representative from Port Colborne at O.L.C. for the past five years. You notice those lengthy letters she gets every day—could be they are signed "Fuzz"? "Isn't he adorable?"—in a dreamy voice that is. She says it is University in the States for her next year, but we all know what her ultimate future will be.



BEVERLEY BUTLER

"Butt" hails from St. Catharines, and is fond of saying "you kids are brats." Her favourite pastime is sleeping, and she is a "prize" geometry student. Next year she plans to go on to fields of higher learning—perhaps animal husbandry at Galt. Her dream ambition, of course, to be a friend to dumb animals.



LORRAINE CAMPBELL

"Larry", the girl from Leaside, (don't ever make the mistake and say Toronto) is one of our outstanding young "artistes". Just take a look at her text-books! Her dry wit is well-known to her acquaintances. She wants to take up commercial art, and will probably end up in a garret.



BARBARA CREEPER

"Creep" comes to us from Toronto, and is quite wound up in her Otkiclos duties, and is a very efficient manager. Her "Better turn off the light" is her favourite expression—or so says her room-mate. Next year she plans to go to U. of T., and though her course is undecided as yet, we wager she'll outshine her professors.



MARGARET DAUGHTERY

"Dog" is our tennis-playing friend from St. Thomas. She is the girl with the little black-book. Class dues, you know. "Muscles" is her middle name. It's journalism at Western for her next year, but her dream ambition is to be a P.T. teacher. She would undoubtedly kill her pupils with over-exercise.



MARY DICKSON

Clarkson sent her to us. Her favourite pastime, considered strange by many, is befriending homeless mice—and cats, too. Otherwise you will find her reading or sleeping. Next year she plans to go to Vic and wants to be a librarian. But we wager she will end up owning a large cat farm.



COLLETTE FERGUSON

“Fergie” is one of the prize players from the Bowmanville basketball team. She is our local Stradivarius—or is it a tommy-gun she carries around in her violin case? Her ambition is to play in Carnegie Hall, but she says sadly that her ultimate fate is probably Bowmanville Town Hall.



CHARLOTTE FORSTER

“Char” arrived here from Great Neck, Long Island. And did you know she had a cute appendicitis—one of the cutest! Western U welcomes her next fall, and her prime interest in life now is her summer camp. Best of luck, Char.



JANE GOODCHILD

“Janie” arrived here from Toronto. She’s the girl with the lovely horse “Stinky”—oops! I mean “Mam’selle”. Her most repeated expression is “Jamieson, get your feet off my bed!” She plans to take up animal husbandry, and we expect to see her “animal hospital” going up any day now.



CAROL HENDERSON

“Hendy” comes to us from Toronto. We have just one word to describe her main interest in life—just Horses! We need say no more. Hendy plans to go into training in the fall, but we know she would rather nurse horses than people.



GRACE HURTON

Our “nightingale of the stairways” hails from Manitoba. Gracie’s ambition is to be a dental nurse. We can see her inspecting someone’s set of molars, and singing soothing music as the dentist drills. It would be worth going to the dentist!



MARY ELIZABETH JAMIESON

Toronto sent "Jamie" to us—it probably couldn't keep up with her any longer. Her favourite saying is "I've changed my mind", and that seems to be her pet hobby, too. We asked Jamie about her famous room-mate, but she merely said that they weren't on speaking terms yet.



JEAN JEFFREY

Our Saskatchewan representative is "Jeff". You'd really think her a quiet shy little girl—if you didn't know better! She plans to take up Dietetics at Saskatchewan next year. Here's to the appetite and health of your future family, Jean!



DOROTHY KERGIN

Dot comes to us from Prince Rupert, B.C. and is a student to put all other students to shame. She is commonly known as Main Hall's alarm clock. "Shall I wake you at 6.00?" She plans to go to U.B.C., to study nursing and we know she will have a wonderful "bedside manner."



MARGARET LARGE

Marg is also from Prince Rupert and is our pianist "par excellence"—that "Claire de Lune" is really lovely. Did you know that our own Margaret is an honorary Indian Princess? Sorry we can't find out her tribal name. Her next move is to U. of T. Good Luck!



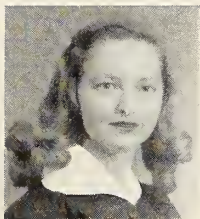
PAT McDOUGALL

Pat McDougall, the "shopper" for the class of '47, hails from Oshawa. Besides being outstanding in her school work, especially in History, French and Latin, she is noted for her lovely "hair-do." Her ambition is to be a nurse but her destiny is to set up a shopping service.



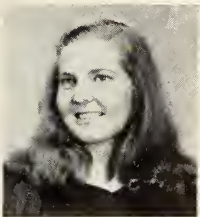
DOROTHEA MANN

We mean "Cookie" of course, hails from Sudbury. She is one of the maddest of the school's mad artists. She plans to wrap herself up in art and become a career woman—but we wonder. She is going to Ontario College of Art and her future will no doubt be Interior Decoration with her father.



AILEEN MOORE

"Aie", Bermuda's latest gift to O.L.C., is the girl with "that accent". She made a charming May Queen this year—is it a tradition in the family? No one can imitate her "My Goodness!" She is forever cleaning shoes. She plans to attend Shaw's Business School, and her second desire is to be a jockey.



MOLLIE MURPHY

"Murph" comes from Camlachie, and is the girl with the famous long blonde tresses. When you hear that "Aw gee, kids!" you know its Murph being coy! She plans to go into training, but her dream has been to sing in an orchestra. We hope she won't practise on her patients.



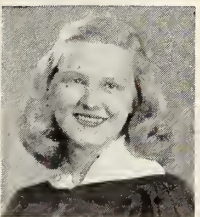
JOAN MUSGRAVE

"Muzzie" to her friends, is close to her home at O.L.C.—Port Union. She is the girl with the sultry bangs, "those eyes" and the slow smile. In fact everything about Muzzie is slow, so we are informed. She plans to delve into Geology, and will undoubtedly spend her future amongst the fossils.



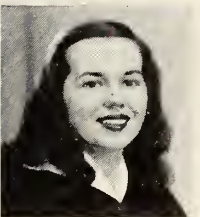
ELEANOR NUGENT

"Nugie" landed here from Fort William. Known to her friends as "Little Lulu" she is forever combing her hair. She would like to take up occupational therapy. Her ambition is to have "something" to do with medicine. We'll be looking for your shingle, Nugie!



EILEEN PEIRCE

Eileen comes from Quebec. She is a Home Economics student and should make someone an excellent wife—and that's what she wants to do. And with that beautiful hair, what more could a man want. Her ultimate future will no doubt be as a hash-slinger in Joe's Joint.



ANN QUINN

Annie is the girl from Timmins ('Ray for de Nort') and has a thousand nicknames. She's known as the perfect nuisance. Whenever you want to find her, just follow your ears! She plans to go to Western next year and will then return to help Miss Edgar teach 3rd Form Algebra.



GLORIA ROSS

Another gal from Timmins is Ross. Her most often heard expression "Musgrave, hurry up!" Her main ambition in life is to sing in Timmins' Anglican Church choir, and her ultimate fate is to end up as a post-mistress.



SHIRLEY ANN RYDER

Our northern friend, Shirley Ann, hails from Kapuskasing. Her expression "My Hat!" is often heard 'round the halls. Her main occupation is writing a lengthy letter to Dalton every night—and reading them from him every noon. She plans to take physiotherapy—but we wonder?



BEVERLY SHEPPARD

Toronto sent us Bev, that quiet-looking person who can utter the most amazing series of giggles. Don't be influenced by that modest retiring look of the S.C.M. president — it really is deceiving. Bev tells us she plans to go to Normal School next year. Heaven help her pupils!



VIVIEN SILLS

Viv comes to us from Peterborough, and she is a very dependable character, according to her friends. Her hobby, in which she excels, is sewing. She plans to take dietetics in the future, and if she goes through with her plans, we know she will succeed. Good luck, Viv!



BARBARA SMITH

Smitty landed here from Sudbury, and at all times of day or night can be heard saying "Where's Mike?" She seems to have some very strong heart interest in Windsor. What can it be? Next year she plans to step out into the gay life of the business world—here's to success, Smitty.



BARBARA SWINTON

"Barb" gives all her allegiance to her home town, Stayner. Her oft-repeated expression is "Wake me at 7.15". She is another "inmate" of the O.L.C. art room and has plans of working at Simpson's in the Interior Decoration department.



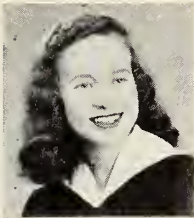
SHIRLEY TOMLINSON

"Tommy", as we know her, comes to us from Port Elgin. At 7.26 you can hear her saying, "Well, I guess I'd better hurry." Her hobby is reading in bed, or reading "those letters"—"Oh, Bill." Dreamily, that is. It's Western for her next year and her ambition is to marry a millionaire. Good luck!



MARY TURNER

"Turn" comes to us from the City of Windsor. Her pastime is trying to keep peace at Senior Meeting—and, of course, her favorite saying is "Aw kids, keep quiet for a minute, will you?" She plans to go to Western next year, but she coyly declares her dream is to marry and settle down and we know she will make "someone" a good wife.



ANNE WARD

"Ward" is the red-head from North Bay with the "loud" voice. Her hobby is dramatics and she practices on anyone who will listen, willingly, or otherwise. She is noted for the variety of sounds she can make. Tho' she says her career lies in the field of dramatics, we bet she will end up as sound-effects man on the radio.



JOAN WATT

Joan is London's gift to O.L.C. Her favourite topic is, oddly enough, "London," etc., etc. She seems to wander around perpetually stirring a brew of Nescafé. She plans to go to Western next year. And where is Western? Why, London, of course!



MARY WIGSTON

"Wiggie" comes here to O.L.C. from North Bay. She is very talented—no one can drop her eye like our Wiggie. Her "Girls, this is the last warning" is very familiar to us when the A.A. is up to something. Her main ambition is to appear at O.L.C. in future years as guest pianist, but her ultimate fate is to become a soda-jerk.



AUDREY WILSON

Audrey is from Clarkson, and we hope she doesn't mean her usual expression "You terrible girl". She is extremely fond of eating, we are told and she and her room-mate don't agree on the subject of mice. Next year she is going to apprentice in pharmacy and her destiny is to be a druggist. So take all your aches and pains to Audrey.

GWEN BOND

Our little butterball "Pug" from 'way up in the Northwest Territories has kept the school in stitches with her crazy antics. The world looks "bew-chus", eh? She excels in dramatics and hopes to continue in this line. Her secret ambition is to heckle Bob Hope.

RAQUEL NINA

Raquel comes from an unpronounceable name in the Dominican Republic. Her hobby is sleeping and her saying is "Oh no, girls—Girls, no!" She plans to work for her Dad next year and secretly confides that her dream is to be a housewife.

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

The year is 1967 A.D. The world for ten years now has been ruled by the WEAKER SEX. You see, in 1957, during a world-wide revolution, women took over world affairs, and the men were subjugated completely. All males were compelled to perform the menial household tasks—and for a while it worked out well. But—there have been complications recently! And I, Lorraine Campbell, was chosen to report upon the monstrous Women's World Conference held in regard to this vital matter. Here is a brief summary compiled from a number of notes I recorded on the spot in the huge hall at Whitby, World Political Centre.

The Chairman, Miss Mary Turner, took the floor and called upon the meeting to come to order. This had no effect. Finally she made herself heard. "We have been called upon, fellow members," she began, "to discuss the rising spirit of Independence in the male sex. This is a very grave issue. If any of you have any solution as to how to alleviate this menace, will you please rise and give your opinions."

One of the first speakers to take the floor was Miss Mary Wigston, noted athlete, who stated in no uncertain terms that if the men were allowed a short period of recreation every day, to play basketball, for instance, that it would solve the situation. But this was greeted derisively by two members of the conference. Miss Joan Musgrave was of the opinion that if all the women were to wear flowered hats when they returned home from work, the men's morale would be boosted, and everything would be solved. But M. E. Jamieson, noted professor, claimed that a year or two of manual labor at T.C.S. would affect a change in the attitude of man. Opposing them was a party that staunchly held their own opinion as best. Misses Collette Ferguson and Margaret Large, co-presidents of the United Juke-Box Manufacturers, claimed that four hours a day practising Bach fugues between household chores would teach anyone self-discipline. At this, Misses Eleanor Nugent and Barbara Smith (who own the large Automatic Shorthand Recorder Co. Ltd.) jumped to their feet. "We object! What this world needs is to have men take down the women's instructions in short-hand! This will speed up housework one hundred per cent, and leave no time for discontent."

By this time all the dissenting ideas had caused a minor riot, and order had to be called again. Late arrivals at the meeting were Sergeants Goodchild, Moore, and Henderson, who arrived wearing the red-coats of the Royal Canadian Women's Mounted Police. They announced loudly that if they would be given a grant of \$5,000 to launch a new recruiting campaign they could have all the men under suppression within 5 months. At this Miss Joyce Bell and Miss Shirley Tomlinson spoke up. "We do not approve of these strong-arm methods. We advocate gentleness. Treat them, as much as you can, like human beings." Miss Shirley Ann Ryder, president of the S.P.C.H. (Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Husbands) nodded violently in agreement. Miss Audrey Wilson and Miss Mary Dickson stated that solitary confinement in the cases of disobedience was the only thing—these ladies are well-noted for their hard hearts. Miss Mollie Murphy and Miss Charlotte Forster, the strong, silent types, were also advocates of extreme forms of penal punishment.

At this point a bridge game in one corner of the hall had to be broken up before the conference could go on. The members resumed their seats.

When called upon, Miss Barbara Swinton and Miss Dorothea Mann, both noted geniuses in the world of Art, refused to give their opinions for fear of causing a

riot, because their views were slightly prejudiced in favour of men. Miss Grace Hurton and Miss Gwen Bond leaped up now and loudly advocated equality of the sexes, and had to be removed forcibly by the police squadron, nattily attired in new uniforms, and headed by Captain Daugherty. This caused two weaker members, Misses Joan Watt and Gloria Ross, to swoon away from excitement. They had to be revived by the efficient Dr. Kergin.

Miss Ann Quinn took the floor and, supported by Miss Beverly Butler, both noted in the field of mathematical sciences, claimed that a concentrated course in math would crush any spirit of rebellion. This was agreed to by educationist Beverly Sheppard, who said early education to his lowly state would subjugate man. Miss Anne Ward, noted dramatist, said that nothing other than a strong dose of Shakespeare before every meal would show the men their proper places. Many derisive cries from the more uneducated members greeted this statement.

Miss Barbara Creeper now moved that, since she could see no progress in the ideas, the meeting be adjourned for refreshments. Miss Jean Jeffrey seconded the motion most heartily, saying she was hungry. The conference ended with the serving of refreshments by Mr. Peirce and Mr. Sills, husbands of those two world-famous dictitutions.

VALEDICTORY

ANNE WARD

We, the Graduating Class, are bidding a sad farewell to our Alma Mater. We are looking at our surroundings with new eyes—our rooms, the halls, the rest of the girls, they're all doubly dear to us these days. For a week now, each time we did one of the routine things we had been doing every day we had been at O. L. C., we caught ourselves saying "This is the last time."

The last time . . . sad words, yet somewhat exciting. For since it is the last time, the last time we go to prayers, the last time we dash out for morning walk, the last time we tear down the stairs for breakfast, tying our tunics as we go, since it is the last time, we are really and truly graduating.

To me it is a most significant thing that the Graduation Exercises in any school are called "Commencement", for Graduation is really the end of your school life, and "Commencement" means beginning. But when one stops to think about it "Commencement" is a very fitting word. For now we are standing on the threshold of life itself and our school has been only the training period, the discipline to prepare us for responsibilities we must bear as world citizens.

The lessons were sometimes hard, and often the pupils were unwilling to learn, for the thing you find out the fastest in a boarding school is the hardest lesson in the world to accept. You learn the truth about yourself. The complete truth is rarely pleasant, and I think it is a tribute to our Principal and the Dean that the girls who are leaving this school feel their personality has been greatly enriched by their stay here. Dr. Carscallen, always kind and patient, and never too busy to listen to our tales of woe, he will get his reward in heaven, for I'm afraid he must usually feel quite unrewarded. Our Dean, praises be to the kind gods which gifted her with a sense of humour, has been our trouble-smoother ever since we came to O.L.C. and we do appreciate it. We hope our memory among the faculty and staff will mellow with the years, and we may be able in some part to return to them the time and help

which they have so willingly given us. We may not have shown how grateful we were at the time, but growing up is a strenuous experience, and because of their aid, after the initial shock of finding ourselves, we began to make forward progress.

After a couple of months at school, it dawns upon us that life is just a bank. You can never take anything out of it until you deposit something there. Until you give friendship, you can never hope to have friends; until you help someone else, you can never expect to receive help; until you give of your time, your energy, your talent, for everyone has some, you will never find yourself anything but an onlooker. The bank of life is like any other bank, for what you deposit to your account is often returned to you with interest. Your talents multiply, and soon you are amazed at the fortune you have accumulated.

And that brings me to another lesson learned early in boarding school life. Everyone in this world has some talent, and each person has a special corner of life which they themselves and only they can fill. In looking over the faces of this school, I cannot imagine it lacking one of them. If one of the girls or teachers or anyone concerned in its life should leave, there would be an empty space. No doubt someone else would come to make up the number, but they would find their own corner and we would always miss the one who left. No one on this earth is put here without a purpose, and it is up to us to fulfill that to the best of our ability.

But we who are about to step out into the world of grown-ups find ourselves looking back to this school with longing. It is familiar, it is dear, and we will miss it greatly. Now it means more to us than it did a year ago, next year it will mean even more than it does now. For of all the graduation gifts we have received, our school has given us the most priceless ones, gifts that will last through all the years to come: Our friends, and what is rarer than a true friend; ability to live in harmony with others, which will stand us in good stead in this shrinking world; and a sound education, the foundation upon which we will build our future life . . . these are our gifts.

So to you our Alma Mater, we say "Farewell" and in so saying, leave a tiny piece of our heart forever here. You are our school, we will never forget you.





INITIATION

That day, the dread of all new arrivals to O.L.C., "Initiation Day" had come at last. For one whole day they would endure humiliation and hard labour at the bidding of the "old girls". With their hair in many small pigtails, their uniforms grotesquely rearranged, and themselves on a leash, they cleaned shoes, made beds, carried books, and salaamed to all. But when the day drew to a close, the weary and worn-out survivors claimed their reward—the hard-earned title of "Old Girls".

HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en, night of enchantment and witchcraft, of goblins and ghosts, is not ignored by O.L.C. On the contrary, it is recognized as one of the great festivals of the year.

The evening began with a delicious chicken dinner served in the candle-lit dining room, which was decorated in keeping with the festivities by the art students. Then, the meal finished, everyone hastily donned costumes for the Grand March which took place in the dining room and concert hall before judges and guests. The girls outdid themselves in presenting the most beautiful, most original and most comic costumes, making it very difficult for the judges to come to any decisions. A short programme by the art and music students followed. The evening ended with the school song, and all the weary masquers went off to bed.

HOLLY HOP

Friday, December 13, 1946, was far from unlucky for the Senior and Junior Classes, for that evening they held their annual "Holly Hop". The Juniors felt especially privileged since this was the first year they were allowed to attend a hither-to Senior function.

The guests were received by Dr. Carscallen, Miss Sissons, Miss Sillers, Miss Smith, and Mary Turner. Music for the evening was supplied very enjoyably by Ted Snider's Orchestra. The punch bowl was very popular, and delicious refreshments were served at 11.00 o'clock. At 1.00 o'clock, Dr. Carscallen and Miss Sissons bade farewell to the guests, and the "Holly Hop" was added to our Book of Memories.

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

Christmas is the time for feasting and merrymaking, and the traditions of Christmas extend far back into the history of man. On December 16, 1946, the annual Christmas Dinner was held to mark the beginning of the Yuletide Season.

The guests, faculty, and school entered the dining hall while the choir sang "The Seven Joys of Mary." The candle-lighting procession followed, to the singing of "The Cherry Tree Carol". Then came the traditional "Boar's Head Procession", complete from the Lady of the Manor to the outlandishly garbed jester. Carols were sung before and after dinner.

After dinner, everyone adjourned to Main Hall where a tableau "The Crib" was presented under Miss Weller's direction, on Main Hall stairs, to the strains of carols sung by the unseen choir. Back in the concert Hall, "The Nativity" was now enacted by the dramatics students, under the direction of Mrs. Aymong. The evening closed with a strong feeling of Yuletide cheer prevailing.

THE ELEMENTARY CLASS

The Elementary Class took a bow twice this year. The biggest event was their Spring Festival, at which they presented two plays and several musical selections. The most popular play was "The Habitant," the story of a French peasant family, and the efforts of the eldest son, a *coureur-de-bois*, to save them from poverty.

The next event was the swimming meet, at which they enacted "Old Mother Hubbard," in the water, and received much applause.

THE SENIOR DINNER

On Friday evening, April 18, 1947, at 6.30 p.m., the Senior Dinner was held. The girls, colourful in their beautiful formals, filed into the dining-hall, charmingly decorated with streamers and flowers. The Senior table, as is the custom, extended down the middle of the dining-hall. At each place, tied with blue and blue ribbon, was a lovely silver coffee spoon in the Pinetree pattern, a gift from the Junior Class.

After a delicious chicken dinner, the following toasts were made to country and school:

<i>To</i>	<i>Proposed by</i>	<i>Response by</i>
Our Country	Dorothy Kergin	Eileen Peirce
Alma Mater	Barbara Creeper	Joyce Bell
Faculty and Staff	Anne Ward	Miss Sissons
Graduating Class	Jocelyn Martin	Mary Turner
Other Classes	Patricia McDougall	{ Gwenna Griffith
		{ Peggy Grant
		{ Barbara Pettet
		{ Nancy McIntyre
		{ Jean Edwards
Student Organizations	Ann Quinn	{ Beverly Sheppard
		{ Jane Goodchild
		{ Mary Wigston
		{ Lorraine Campbell



THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

STANDING—P. Grant, B. Pettet, B. Sheppard, M. Wigston, J. Martin, N. McIntyre, J. Edwards.
SEATED—A. Quinn, J. Goodchild, Miss Sissons, G. Bond, M. Turner.

THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL (HONOUR CLUB)

The Students' Council gives a chance for the students to participate in the smooth running of the School. It is essentially the Student Government of the girls and offers a necessary link between the students and the faculty thereby creating unity in the School.

During the year many issues were debated by the Council. Some experiments were tried with a measure of success. We feel that the small things which we accomplished were of benefit to the School, and that the new executive will profit by our mistakes and successfully fulfil what we were unable to achieve.

J.G.

SUNDAY NIGHT IN 4 MAIN

Sunday night in 4 Main has now become established as a firm tradition. Every Sunday night pyjama-clad seniors gather in 4 Main for bread and coffee, and a general gab-fest. Here the fate of the Senior Class is decided, and its destiny guided.

SENIOR STUNT

The Senior Class Stunt was held on Friday evening, April 25, 1947. First on the programme was a fiery piano solo played only as our Raquel Nina can play it. This was followed by a fashion skit which rendered the audience helpless with laughter since it depicted the costumes worn at O.L.C. as far back as 1900. While the guests were recovering, the play "Seven to One" was presented, under the able direction of Pug Bond. To make this stunt memorable, a small group of seniors, kneeling in choir gowns, sang the Lord's Prayer, with Grace Hurton, all in white, as soloist. The complete silence at the conclusion of the number offered the greatest tribute possible. With the Lord's Prayer in our hearts and minds, the evening ended with the school song, and Senior Class song. The Senior Class was then delightfully entertained in the Cottage by Dr. and Mrs. Carscallen.

GRADUATION DANCE

This year, the Senior Class bypassed tradition and held their Graduation Dance on May 2, 1947, instead of Graduation night. The guests were received by Dr. and Mrs. Carscallen, Miss Sissons, Miss Sillers and Mary Turner. The dance was held in the Dining-room, with the orchestra against a deep blue back drop on which pale blue satin ribbon formed the words "Graduates '47". A special feature was a rose-covered arbour through which the graduates danced. Also present at the dance were many of last year's graduates and former students. A delicious luncheon was served in the candle-lit concert-hall, during which Rita Donaldson softly played the piano.

Dancing ended at 1.00 o'clock, and as the last cars disappeared through the gates, the tired Seniors slipped happily away to dream.

CASTLE CAPERS

This year we were all pleased to see the beginning of the new school newspaper, "*Castle Capers*." Capably edited by Jane Deller, assisted by Peggy Grant, Barbara Bell, and Marlene Deller, and under the business management of Norma Hyatt, the paper progressed rapidly. Circulating managers Diana McCormack and B-J Bisher were swamped by eager readers every time a new edition appeared. Carmen Hazelton and Barbara Smith did the printing, and Kay Biggar contributed the art which enhanced the paper immensely. *Castle Capers* is humorous and, at the same time, thoughtful. It brings to all the girls news of all school activities, both serious, and on the lighter side. It is hoped that this publication will become a tradition at O.L.C.



THE OKTICLOS

SEATED—B. Creeper (Pres.), Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Ernest Seitz, B. Sheppard.

STANDING, FRONT ROW—J. Kett, M. Muttart, J. Jeffrey, F. McDowell, C. Thompson, N. Pickering, W. McLaughlin, M. Parks, G. Hurton.

SECOND ROW—J. White, M. McInroy, N. Chalykoff, M. A. Brine, E. Skutezky, M. Turner.

THIRD ROW—C. Ferguson, C. Forster, J. Umphrey, P. Gillespie.

BACK ROW—E. Pierce, B. Boyd, C. Henderson, M. Large.

OKTICLOS

Under the presidency of Barbara Creeper, the Okticlos has had a very active year. Many of our noted guests, such as Paul de Marky, Mrs. Baker and Thomas Crawford, have been entertained by the committee and students after their programmes. The Okticlos has also taken over several Friday evenings, and among our artists have been Barbara King, Alex Read and Thomas Crawford, and of course our own talent, including Marg. Large, Marnie Brine and Collette Ferguson. The most important of our projects has been the refurnishing of the Okticlos in memory of Mrs. G. D. Atkinson. Frequently Gracie Hurton was seen waxing the floor, while Rita Donaldson, next year's president, was down making refreshments with the rest of the committee, and Laurie Johnston, Joyce Kett and Eva Skutezky were busy next door sewing drapes and cushion covers.

These are but a few of our activities. There was also our monthly visit to the county home, the elementary recital, and a skating party. And now with a successful year behind us we hope the good work may continue. Don't forget, every other Wednesday. "There will be an Okticlos meeting in the Okticlos right after school."



LEFT TO RIGHT—C. Forster, B. Sheppard (Pres.), Miss Sanders, A. Ward.

THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

"The Student Christian Movement is a fellowship of students based on the conviction that in Jesus Christ is found the supreme revelation of God and the means to the full realization of life."

The S.C.M. council had, this year, the very able assistance of Miss Sanders as Advisory Counsellor.

As has been the custom in former years, the bazaar was held just prior to the Christmas vacation. We were fortunate in having Winona Denyes to open it for us. The donations, patronage and work of the students helped to make the bazaar a real success.

During the year several visits were made to the Ontario County Home. The Chapel Choir sang many lovely selections and we are indebted to Miss Pollex for her assistance.

Many interesting speakers contributed to our Sunday evening Chapel Services and Morning Prayers, conducted by Miss Sissons and Dr. Carscallen, greatly enriched our school days.

The money raised through the efforts of the girls has enabled us to help in many worthwhile causes. Perhaps the most worthy of these was a contribution towards the maintenance of Alma Goosney in the Sick Children's Hospital. Alma is a three-year-old tot from Newfoundland who has been undergoing treatment in Toronto. Organizations to which we have contributed are—The Grenville Mission in Labrador, The Hospital for Sick Children in London, England; the Star Fresh Air Fund; the Star Santa Claus Fund; China Colleges and China Relief and the W.M.S. A number of parcels of food and clothing were sent to Britain.

MAY DAY

May 24, or May Day, one of the most celebrated festivals of the year, dawned cold and wet. With anxious prayers, the girls waited breathlessly for the sun. By 10.00 a.m. the sun had come out in full force, making perfect a memorable day.

The programme began in the concert-hall where an educational address on "Famous Women" was delivered by Mrs. W. A. Riddell. Then the school and guests retired to the oval, where the May Day exercises began. Here the May Queen, Aileen Montgomery-Moore, Bermuda, was crowned by Mrs. Riddell. Then she and her attendants, Ann Quinn and Margaret Daugherty, from the place of honour, watched



the ensuing exercises. These were concluded by the graceful Maypole Dance. Just before lunch, a horseshow was held in the playing field.

That afternoon, all the students clambered aboard two buses and headed for the annual picnic, held in a wildflower sanctuary. Those who survived the afternoon's festivities went to the movie that night. Thus a full and never-to-be-forgotten day was brought to a close.

CHURCH OF THE BAY

Every year, on the Sunday preceding Baccalaureate Sunday, the Senior Class attends the service at the little Church of the Bay in Port Whitby. In this tiny church set among the whispering pines, with its jewel-like windows, one finds a peace and serenity which lends enchantment to this hallowed spot. The address, delivered simply and directly by the Rev. Mr. Langford, was inspiring, and in keeping with the beauty of the church. Grace Hurton sang a solo, accompanied on the organ by Barbara Creeper.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY

On Sunday evening, June 8th, the Graduates in caps and gowns and white dresses, attended the yearly Baccalaureate service in Whitby United Church. The rows reserved for the graduates had been beautifully decorated by the Juniors in white lilac and white ribbon. Rev. George Birtch gave a sermon which deeply impressed all present. After the service, the whole school lined up in Main Hall back at O.L.C., and the Seniors entered and went up Main Hall stairs as everyone sang the Baccalaureate hymn, "Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise".

CLASS DAY

On Monday morning, June 9, 1947, the Junior Class was scheduled to make the traditional daisy chain for the Seniors. In the absence of daisies, lilacs were woven into a chain for the class-day exercises. Miss Sissons hopes that the washing of her car by the Juniors will become an established tradition of Class Day.

The Seniors began the day with Senior breakfast in the back pasture. Coffee and bacon and eggs were cooked over open fires, and were greatly enjoyed by all.

At 2.00 p.m. the graduating class lined up in caps and gowns, carrying the "daisy chain" over their shoulders, and slowly proceeded into the concert-hall. As each girl's "case history" was read, her part of the daisy chain was cut, and she advanced to the platform, where the chain was placed to form the letters O.L.C. Then the Graduates received their Graduation pins, and some athletic awards were given.

At 7.00 p.m., the traditional "Burning of the Books" took place. The bon-fire was lit, and each Senior threw in her most hated subject, and said an appropriate verse. The class prophecy was read, much to the amusement of all. As the fire died down, the students sang camp songs and school songs. This would be the Seniors' last informal gathering before Graduation.

ALUMNAE DAY

Alumnae Day is a reunion of all who have ever attended O.L.C. At noon, on Tuesday, June 10, 1947, the Alumnae arrived. A lunch was served for them and the graduating class. Many speeches were made after the luncheon. During the ceremonies Miss Maxwell's portrait was unveiled by Dr. Carscallen. After lunch, the college was open to the Alumnae, and once more they saw the school of which they had so long been a part.

COMMENCEMENT DAY

That long-looked-for, long-hoped-for day, Commencement Day, arrived at last. From the first moment we enter the college our big dream is Graduation. Yet, when it arrives, our joy is bitter-sweet, for amid all the festivities of the day, we are well aware that it is the last time we will be a part of the student body. Our school days are over, and we will soon face the world on our own.

The graduates filed into the concert-hall, dressed in long white gowns, and carrying red roses. The diplomas were given out, and then the school awards. Anne Ward gave the Valedictory, which was very striking and original. Dr. T. W. Jones, Moderator of the United Church, who had travelled across the continent to attend the ceremonies, delivered an interesting and amusing address.

The commencement exercises over, the graduates joined their families and friends at the Garden Party on the front lawn. Much too soon, everyone left—the day was over, to be forever a most cherished memory.

-: SPORTS :-



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE

Front: Miss Rowena Smith

Back Row: Aileen M. Moore, Mary Wigston, Jacqui Crawford



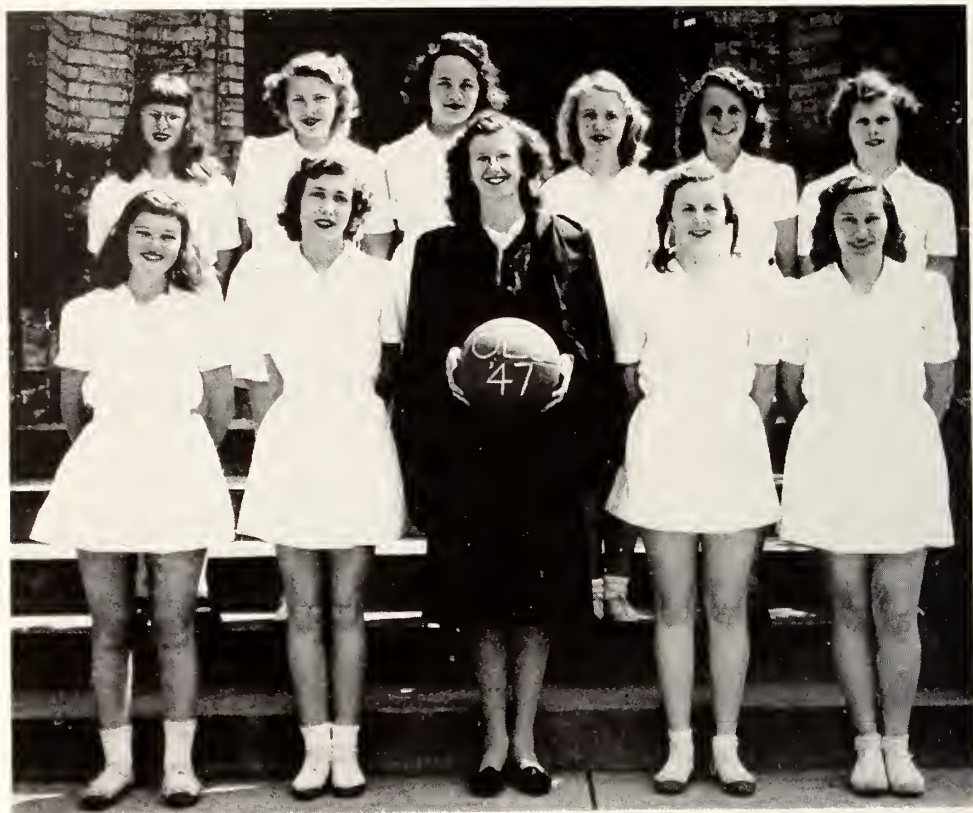
FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row: C. Hazelton, C. Ferguson (Capt.), J. Bell
 Second Row: M. Daugherty, A. Campbell, Miss Smith, A. Moore, M. Wigston
 Back Row: M. J. Simcox, J. Crawford, N. Townsend, J. Martin

BASKETBALL

At O.L.C., basketball hit an all-time high in the 1946-1947 series. Altogether nine games were played with outside schools. Sometimes the O.L.C. teams were guests—other times they played hostess. Games were played with Whitby High School, Bowmanville High School, Branksome Hall, Hatfield Hall, and Havergal. Both first and second teams carried their Alma Mater proudly through the basketball season, with a fairly even placing of victory and defeat.

A welcome innovation this year was a three-woman team of cheerleaders, Jane Deller, Betty Jane Fisher and Grace Hurton. These vivacious girls, with pep and spirit, spurred both players and onlookers on to enthusiastic heights.



SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row: M. Deller, C. Forster (Capt.), Miss Smith, B. Smith, E. Skutezky
 Back Row: D. Mann, V. Sills, P. Gillespie, P. Grant, P. Brooks, B. Nightingale

ATHLETIC PROGRAMMES

As usual, the swimming meet was one of the outstanding events of the year. The applause of the audience surrounding the swimming pool attested to the skill of the performers. The prize winner of the Senior section in this swimming meet was Mildred Muttart, while Peggy Grant captured the Intermediate Honours, and Nadia Warren came first in the elementary section.

A. A. AT-HOME

On Friday, February 7th 1947, a great transformation took place at O.L.C. The dining-room and concert-hall were converted into a lovely ballroom for the Athletic Association's Annual At-Home. Blue, blue and gold formed the colour scheme. A blue back-drop for the orchestra carried in gold the letters "A.A. '47". At the opposite end of the hall, two large blue and blue school crests dominated the walls, while pennants from many different schools and colleges were strung around the room. Huge bunches of blue and gold balloons hung from the chandeliers and a big bang was had by all, when the balloons were dropped around midnight.

The receiving line consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Carscallen, Miss Sissons, Miss Smith, and Mary Wigston. A delightful luncheon was served about 11.00, and the evening passed on to a happy climax. The girls in their formals presented a lovely picture, and we may safely say that the A.A.'s dance was indeed a great success.

BADMINTON

The annual badminton tournament was held here during the latter part of the winter term. All the school houses were well represented. The final singles, played on Thursday, April 21, was won by Joan Mutch. The final doubles was played on Friday, April 28, with Collette Ferguson and Joan Mutch capturing the honours.

The inter-school matches played between Branksome and O.L.C. showed ability and sportsmanship on both sides. The results were most encouraging, with O.L.C. winning both doubles and A. & B. singles.

TENNIS

With Spring comes the usual enthusiasm for tennis. After many hours of practice on the courts, and many hours of nursing painful sunburn, the finals were played. Nancy Townsend captured the cup in the final singles. The winners of the final doubles were Margaret Daugherty and Nancy Townsend.

HOUSE SYSTEM

This year, for the first time, we had inter-house competition. The school was divided into three houses—Maxwell House, Farewell House, and Hare House. House captains and sub-captains were elected. Keen competition was set up, with points awarded for neat uniforms and sports activities, which included Basketball, Badminton, Tennis, Swimming, and Field Day.

At the end of the year, Maxwell House had earned the most points, and was awarded a shield, which was presented by the Athletic Association. The House System has proved itself a great asset to school spirit, thanks to the marvellous leadership of the A.A. president, Mary Wigston. It is to be hoped that this system will become a tradition in the years to follow.

JUNIOR CLASS



Seated—G. Griffith (V-Pres.), Miss Smith, J. Martin (Pres.), J. Kett (Sec-Treas.)
 Front Row—S. Brent, Y. Puig, F. MacDowell, P. Mawer, C. Rogers, L. Douglas, A. Campbell, M. McInroy, B. Tubman, S. Kerbel, B. Krakowsky.
 Second Row—N. Anderson, M. Parks, J. Umphrey, D. Stone, J. Remus, J. White, J. Mutch, D. McCormack.
 Third Row—B. Nightingale, L. Duch, J. Malley, A. Ferlin, I. Thomas, C. Batty, C. McFadyen.
 Fourth Row—M. Fraser, C. Hazelton, G. Ferlman.
 Fifth Row—B. Esplen, J. Connor, E. Murray, A. Barnes, L. Vidri, M. Watson, D. Findlay.
 Back Row—P. Gillespie, N. Blakey, J. Crawford, D. Wansbrough, B. Boyd, N. Townsend, J. Braden, M. J. Simcox.

MEDIUM CLASS



Seated—P. Grant (Pres.), Miss Hall, B. Marchant (Sec.-Treas.), B. J. Fisher (V.-Pres.)
 Middle Row—B. Bell, B. Stewart, M. Brine, J. Reeder, M. Beecher, J. Meyers, C. Cohen, N. Pickering.
 Back Row—N. Chalyskoff, R. Brebber, N. Hyatt, B. Shapiro, C. Thompson, R. Markus.

SOPHOMORE AND FRESHMAN CLASSES



Seated—B. Shields (Soph. V.P.), B. Pettet (Soph. Pres.), Miss Sanders, Miss Pollex, N. McIntyre (Fr. Pres.), P. Brook, (Fr. V.P.).
 First Row—P. Hogan, V. King, J. Deller, A. Duncombe, R. Donaldson, B. Lipson, J. Black, R. Allin.
 Second Row—R. Bowater, L. Johnston, M. Deller, M. E. Coleman, M-L. Low, W. McLaughlin, M. Osumi.
 Third Row—M. Davis, J. Simpson, B. Polson, J. Mills, C. Turpin, M. Evans.
 Back Row—M. Rumsey, J. Alexander.

ELEMENTARY CLASS



Back Row—Sylvia Meeking, Frances Samuels, Rosemary Smith, Estelle Fluct, Katharine Graham, Mary Grobb.

Middle Row—Wendy Spencer, Marian Walmsley, Nadia Warren, Yvette Wadds, Valerie McCabe, Myrna Brown.

Front Row—Joy Booth, Virginia Richardson, Miss Hill, Jean Edwards, (Pres.), Jackie Hill.



GYPSY—COMPANION OF THE WIND

She held her head with haughty incredible poise and her nostrils flared in wild arrogance. Her slender legs quivered above the hard earth and the small hooves danced among the clumps of brown grass. Unbridled, unbacked, she stood. All the wisdom of the sages turned to childish lyrics as her dark eyes surveyed a passing cloud.

As she saw the two boys with their uncle standing at the fence rail, she dipped her head, snorted and bolted. The older boy's heart leaped at the sound, but his uncle in exasperation muttered, "If you can ride her—she's yours." He smiled ironically.

Jody's eyes shone with eagerness and his mouth set in a thin determined line as he ran to fetch the bridle. All afternoon he struggled while Gypsy whipped her head about and worked her tongue around the bit until blood oozed from the corners of her mouth and her eyes were red with fear. She tried to rub the brow-band off on the trunk of the elm, all the while defying Jody with her plunging hooves and wild, frightened eyes.

As Peter sat on the fence-rail watching, he winced to see the proud animal reduced to such humiliating terror. But he was inwardly rejoicing at his brother's inability to master Gypsy. Finally, at dusk, Jody was forced to surrender, and he and Peter returned to the house.

That night a raging wind swept the countryside. It blew wisps of hay and bits of paper in mad arcs across the stable-yard. As Peter's small figure stole out of the stable, the weather vane swung wildly and the half-opened door closed with a clatter. He set off for the pasture, carrying the bridle. In the orchard a tracery of wildly waving limbs and branches was etched against the bleak silhouette of distant hills. Peter's determined little form looked very brave as it trudged between the rows of trees. At last he reached the pasture! Tufts of dried grass bent to the earth in patient submission to the mastery of the wind as it moaned eerily through the tossing elm.

There she was! As Peter watched Gypsy, he thought of mingled steel and velvet. From the prick of her ears to the flow of her tail, the graceful lines were perfect. Moonlight silvered her mane as she lifted a dainty forefoot and whinnied.

Unafraid, Peter bridled her easily, quietly talking to her. Then deliberately grasping the reins, he threw a leg over her back.

They raced with the rippling waves of grass and laughed with the pasture creek as they leaped over it. Her mane blew against the boy's face and the rhythm of her hoof-beats became the surging symphony of the night, while horse and rider, as one being, gave themselves to the wild company of the wind.

CAROL HENDERSON, Grade XIII

ON BEING PHOTOGRAPHED

Some people are born with features that are photogenic; others have faces that, although passable by dim candlelight, seem to indent their irregularities firmly on any photograph.

And that is why there are photographers. By a photographer, I do not mean the rare individual who puts you completely at your ease, then snaps a natural and yet complimentary expression quickly. This specimen is almost extinct and extremely hard to come by. My experience has been more with the other extreme of the photographic cult—the “arty” photographer. He can usually be found beneath a beret, but sometimes leaves it off to deceive gentler clients.

When you enter his studio, the abundance of lights and giant cameras strikes terror into your soul. You are ushered into a tiny, uncomfortable dressing room, possessing a hat-rack which successfully shakes your hat off each time you hang it up, and a shelf just narrow enough to let your purse slide with sickening thuds to the floor. Between picking up the hat and leaping for the purse, you endeavour to comb your hair, and adjust your expression.

In a frenzied state of mind you walk into the studio where the ordeal awaits you. The giant spot-lights glare down at you as at some prisoner at the bar. In a circle they stand, and at its centre the Camera, leering evilly with its one eye. Just in front of it, like a penitent's stool, stands an infinitesimal chair which could convey comfort only to a Hindu, fresh from his bed of tacks. From amidst this court of horror, a little man leaps forward. He gaily shoves and pulls you onto the chair, crossing and re-crossing your legs, folding and refolding your hands, flicking your hair and twitching your gown until you could scream with annoyance. Just as you are about to open your mouth, he says, “Now we want a pleasant, relaxed smile—ah, that's right.” All the time he is saying this, things are not right, for you feel your chair being given a violent jerk up and back at an impossible and excruciatingly uncomfortable angle. In that precise position, which you know was conceived by mediaeval Japanese torturers, you must sit, while the “artiste” dashes from one light to another, turning them a minute fraction of an inch. Why all this business must be done at this precise moment you do not know, but there you sit.

Then at last he ducks his head beneath The Camera's black velvet robe and asks you “Look this way, please,” in the tone Sunday-School teachers use for five year old Johnny, who is not very bright. This is no simple request, either. You turn your eyes until they almost fall from their sockets and are rewarded by a glimpse of the little man's moustache.

In the same infuriating tone, he utters his last request: “Now a smile, just with your eyes, miss—ah!” and you hear a faint ping! at the precise moment you have just contrived an idiotic simper.

Two or three more pings! and you are free to stumble back to the dressing-room, pick up your hat and purse, and wearily wend your homeward way. You live in a numbed state for two or three days, and then the proofs arrive. So if you think this story is exaggerated, come and visit me, and I will give you “proof”—my graduation photos.

ANNE WARD, Grade XIII

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BOARDING SCHOOL

"What will it be like—whom will I room with—will I be happy—will the girls like me—how long will it be before I go home again?" All these questions were jumping about my mind, as I walked up the long, winding side-walk towards my new home—Boarding School. Not one could I answer, and though 'Curiosity' held one hand gently, and led me towards the mighty castle, 'Fear' tugged hard on the other, and kept whispering temptingly, "You still have time to go back!" 'Curiosity', however, won the day, and I found myself standing at the front door of the school.

Entering the hall, I peered about, half afraid to say a word. A quiet darkness filled every corner, and the gloomy shadows of night were approaching. Here and there I caught sight of girls, who appeared to be not the slightest bit friendly. (Little did I realize—then—that I, too appeared unfriendly to them!)—I sat and waited, already wishing with all my heart that I had taken 'Fear's' advice.

The principal was very kind, and hoped that I would be happy. My heart was full of misgivings, for I *knew* that the unfriendly faces of *those* girls could never have a smile for me!

I was shown the way to my room, and as I walked along the corridor, glancing left and right, the horrible sight of closed doors confronted me. "How cold and unfriendly everything is!" I thought, and, sad and lonely, I entered my room, feeling like a condemned prisoner.

Now—to-day, or any day, as I walk down the halls, and see open doors and friendly faces—I laugh to myself, when I think of the fear I felt the first night at school.

JOCELYN MARTIN, Grade XII

AFTER STORM

The cliffs salt-bathed along that rugged coast
Were flinging back the boasts of Neptune's might,
Where leaden clouds sought refuge on the land
Sensing some unknown peril from the night.

The blackened rim that leapt beneath the sky
Was surging still from depths to heights supreme,
While far above the sea's tempestuous roar
The moon alone, transcendent, dared to dream.

The guardian Huntress sleeping overhead
Made beautiful the sea, her second home,
Till, paling more and more, the silver sheen
Shone with a crystal brilliance on the foam.

MARY DICKSON, Grade XIII

MY DOG

*My doggy has a long, long tail
The end is like a mop,
It wags and wags and wags and wags
And never seems to stop.*

VALERIE MCCABE, Grade VI

"THE AFTER-MATH PROVEN TO BE THE BEST OF ALL"

"Who killed Achilles in the battle of Troy?" The words went round and round in my mind, repeating themselves like a broken record. Soon they picked up a tune and another verse. By the end of ten minutes I had a song worthy of first place on the hit parade. The only thing that wasn't in it was who *did* kill Achilles. I didn't find that out until after our English exam was over, and Myra informed me that it was Paris, Jinny that it was Agamemnon and Janie that it was Hercules. I guess maybe Myra was right.

The next exam was Math. Ah woe! I ate a huge lunch to fortify my physical strength, and read four comic books to make me mentally alert. Then I whipped upstairs to my room, got my "General Math" and started downstairs in a slow lady-like walk, with my book glued to my face.

"The middle term is the product of two binomials . . ." I passed Miss Carman, and giving a woeful smile proceeded down the hall, which, incidentally, was lined with last minute crammers . . . "How do you do this one?", and the prevailing atmosphere was definitely not cheery. Outside one room, I found a crowd of girls, generally cheerful and optimistic, but to-day gloomy, and in the depths of despair.

"Hi, Jodie," they hailed me, "Do you know anything?"

"Plenty," I said, and then, when everyone looked surprised, I added, "But not about Math."

"Me too," said Laurie sympathetically. "Factoring really gets me. What's your worst problem?"

"Math," I groaned. "Just Math in general. 'General Mathematics' I think they call it."

The seniors looked at each other with a "Won't-she-ever-learn?" expression, and the sophs seemed to be ashamed I even belonged to their class. Just as I was feeling about like a worm, the bell rang. We all slowly dragged ourselves into the classroom, shaking hands as we went, and wishing each other luck. I sat down in my seat and awaited Fate in the form of a Mathematics paper.

Miss Carman handed the papers out and I took one long, searching look. The questions looked easy enough, but I couldn't really tell until I began to do them.

"Minus seven plus minus three?" I frowned and then scribbled down "minus thirteen"—(I hope).

For a good hour I worked in a steady, concentrated mood. Then I was stuck. All the questions (almost) were answered. But were they right? I had almost half an hour to check them. I started in, but I couldn't make any headway.

"Seven minus minus two equals—Gosh, I wonder if the mail is sorted—plus nine—hope I get one to-day.

"The square of 'a' plus four is — that new dress I bought is adorable — 'a' squared — wish I could talk Mother into buying me a pair of Ballerina shoes — plus 8a — would be divine with my new dress. If I just get a letter to-day — plus four — just one little letter — oh, no, it should be plus sixteen. Heck, this answer doesn't match my other. One of them must be right. I wonder which? Aw, shucks, I'm just going to leave it—Gosh, this summer will be perfect."

I was just thinking of the glories of the summer vacation when a bell rang.

"All right" said Miss Carman. "Time's up. All papers in, please!"

"Gosh, how did you do?" Betty queried. "Did you get 37X for the last?"

"No, was that the right answer? Aw, let's forget it."

But as I stood in mail line, all the worries I had forgotten in the last fifteen minutes came crowding back. What if I had failed? What if everyone passed but me? What if I had to write the finals and failed them, too? What if — — ?”

But just then Barbara handed me the long-awaited letter, and all my mathematical troubles rolled to the bottom as I dashed up Frances stairs three at a time.

JOANNA ALEXANDER, Grade X

AFTER CAMP

You've gone—

But in the darkness of your cabin, here alone,

I see your sleeping forms—each prone

To watch the fading sunset die

And listen to the first star's lullaby.

You've gone—

But I can hear the soft sighs of your youthful sleep

And share your dreams—I creep

From bed to bed and softly now

I touch the place where moonbeams kiss'd your brow.

You've gone—

But where your “friendship fire's” flames arise

I see them shining in your eyes,

And in each soft, sweet face there gleams

The joy of memories and faith in dreams.

CAROL HENDERSON, Grade XIII



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Alumnae

The School is grateful for the gift by the Ryerson Chapter of a fine radio for the Infirmary, donated in memory of Anita Putman Fleming. Needless to say, the opportunity to listen to soothing music or amusing stories should make recuperation a less tedious process.

One Sunday afternoon last Autumn we very much enjoyed a visit from members of the Trafalgar Junior Chapter. They met the Senior Class for tea in the Common Room and there was much chat of past, present and future. The visitors stayed for evening chapel. We hope they will come again, and others with them.

MARRIAGES

Stubbs-Burwash—On Wednesday, April 2, 1947, Audrey Jane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Burwash, to Mr. James Elery Stubbs, at Marmora.

Penney-Campbell—On Wednesday, March 19, 1947, Joan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Keith Colin Campbell, to Dr. Robert Haig Penney, at Toronto.

Rundle-Chappell—On Saturday, June 9, 1945, Nesta Bronwen, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Frank Chappell, to Dr. James Edward Rundle, at Oshawa.

Peel-Sanders—On Saturday, May 3, 1947, Alice, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. H. F. Sanders, to Mr. Donald N. Peel, at Clarkson.

Bournes-Sanders—On Saturday, June 21, 1947, Ruth Mary, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. H. F. Sanders, to Mr. Fraser James Bournes, at Clarkson.

Service-Thompson—On Thursday, March 15, 1945, Norma Ena, daughter of Mrs. John Edwin Thompson, to Dr. Charles William McDonald Service, at Bombay, India.

Wilson-Turnbull—On Saturday, February 23, 1946, Jean White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles William Turnbull, to Mr. John Richard Wilson, at Brantford.

Johnston-Farewell—On Friday, June 13, 1947, Valerie Elizabeth Farewell, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edwards Walls, to Mr. Peter Arthur Edward Johnston, at Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Sully-Saunders—On Saturday, September 27, 1947, Elizabeth Gail, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Saunders, Goderich, Ontario, to Mr. Bruce Allenby Bethune Sully, at Goderich.

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